

WHAT THE CRIMINAL FORGOT!

Was Britain's slickest—but slipped

IN this series I propose to tell why, in the vast majority of cases, criminals cannot beat the organisations opposed to them. Unsolved crimes there have been; but their number is comparatively small when compared with solved crimes.

A crime is a challenge to civilisation, a reversion to lawlessness. You are fairly safe to bet on the crime hunters.

Is any one man, any criminal, more clever than the resources of anti-criminals?

The criminal must never make a mistake. He must never leave a track uncovered.

A famous French criminologist once said that all criminals carry their identification in their right hands.

What he meant was that there is a clue somewhere, even if the detective forces do not find it. That, I believe, is a great truth.

TAKE the cleverest criminal Britain ever produced—Charles Peace. I propose to start with him because for many years he was held to be a sort of Robin Hood in the eyes of some people. In one or other of his disguises he was in the audiences and laughed at the jokes now and then. But the police won at last.

I can tell you some hitherto generally unknown facts about Charlie, including the clue that led him to the scaffold, the thing he forgot. He was the King of Sinners, and

Left-handed Fiddler

became so step by step—as to him. He wanted the excitement of crime. He was a thief, immoralist, burglar, murderer.

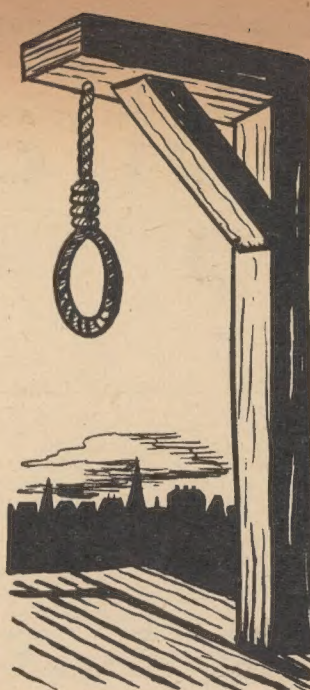
He burgled a big house in Manchester, but found the plate he took was more than he could carry. He buried it in a field during the night. When he came to recover it, the police were waiting for him. They had found the cache. That taught Peace. He got six years in prison.

When he was about 25 years old he married a widow, Mrs. Hannah Ward, who had a small son. She knew his past and accepted his profession. He was in and out of prison time and again. Every time he came out he had learned something.

In Wakefield prison he climbed into the Governor's rooms, stole a suit, and walked boldly towards the main gate. But he was spotted and sent back to his cell.

When he came out of Wakefield he settled in Sheffield as a picture framer and maker of fiddles. He could have made a livelihood at this easily. He could have made a living at any of a dozen trades. The local people, including clergymen, said he was reformed. He

In October, 1851, he burgled a Sheffield warehouse, was caught, and sent to prison. When he came out he took a fiddle under his arm and moved about the country, playing at fairs, racecourses, festivals. And he could play the fiddle. But playing the fiddle was tame



Stuart Martin gets behind the Crook Mind in this series

latchkey he had said he had "lost," and departed with a very valuable old French clock and a pair of old silver candlesticks. All in a carpet bag.

It was a nice little house in which Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Susan Grey, and William Ward (Peace's stepson) lived in Peckham. Mr. Thompson was very much respected. He made fiddles, and did very well at that. He gave contributions to charity.

He attended chapel and gave addresses to young men and women on "character" and "morality." He had always a fund of good, clean stories to illustrate his talks. He quoted Scripture freely. He was much sought after by clergymen in uplift work.

Mr. Thompson also had a pony and trap, with which he used to go long journeys at night. Many houses were being burgled those days in the suburbs of London.

One day, Mr. Thompson stepped into a tobacconist's shop in Camberwell and bought a cigar. He liked it very much. The next night the shop was burgled and the stock cleaned out.

The following day Mr. Thompson stepped into a Camberwell public-house for a glass of ale. He was smoking a nice cigar, and gave one to the landlord. The latter remarked on the good quality and asked where he got them.

"I steal them," said Mr. Thompson calmly. The landlord laughed at the joke. He knew Mr. Thompson as a most upright man, friend of clergymen.

On the night of October 10th, 1878, a policeman named Robinson was on duty at St. John's Park, Blackheath, when he saw a light spring up in a house. Then a shadow on the blind. Then the light went out.

The policeman watched, and saw a small man jump out of a ground-floor window. The policeman gave chase. The burglar turned and fired three shots. P.C. Robinson's left arm was shattered, but he headed on, grappled with the burglar, bore him to the ground. Other policemen came. The burglar was handcuffed and taken to Greenwich police station.

He refused to give any account of himself, or his name. He was a small man, close-cropped whitish hair, bulging-browed, with the dark complexion of a mulatto; and with a hook for a left hand. Yet because of this man's forgetfulness in a little matter, the police discovered his identity.

He had forgotten to stain his hands and wrists with the walnut juice which stained his face, and an observant constable observed the difference.

Now, watch the trail thus started. Who used walnut juice? Fiddle-makers.

Then the police found that the arm with the hook was false, too, and the real hand below had three fingers missing. Thus, by patient inquiry, the prisoner was identified to be Mr. Thompson of Peckham, Mr. Wright of Hull, Mr. Ward of Nottingham, and (truthfully this time) Charles Peace of Sheffield, wanted for murder of Dyson.

He confessed to everything. In prison he became ever so penitent; and finally, after being sentenced to death, asked the chaplain to preach a special sermon to young people on his life as a warning.

And when he stepped on the scaffold he requested Marwood, the hangman, in terror-stricken accents, not to hurt him much.

Marwood assured him it would be "like dropping off to sleep." So Charles Peace dropped.

The money "George" has got

PROBABLY a greater proportion of people in Britain have a little money put away for a rainy day than in any other country. The "little man" is a great saver.

In 1913, it was estimated that the number of people in Britain with £100 or more was 2,500,000. In 1937, it was 6,500,000, in spite of paying for Great War No. 1.

The number with £100 or more to-day exceeds 10,000,000, and may be much higher.

In the first four years of the present war the small saver lent to the Government the astonishing sum of £2,460,000,000. This was in spite of heavily increased taxation, which brought millions who had never paid income tax into the "net."

The total of all war savings was £6,533,000,000, and, of course, increasing by many millions every week.

One person in three in Britain has a bank account.

MOBILE MINERS HAVE MOVING HOME TO-DAY

AN interesting experiment is now being tried out at Ramsay Colliery, Loanhead, Midlothian, where a mobile train is providing living quarters for miners.

These men are being brought to the district to work in the colliery, and lack of accommodation in the district forced the Ministry of Fuel and Power to provide this mobile train hostel, which at present caters for fifty miners.

The train consists of two sections—one with five carriages adapted as lounge and



The Post Office Savings Bank alone has over 15,000,000 active "clients" depositing and withdrawing their money.

On the eve of war, the average sum that stood to the credit of each was £50 for the United Kingdom. In detail, Northern Ireland averaged £33 for its accounts, and Scotland £37.

The Director of Savings, who "runs" the Bank, draws the modest salary of £1,700 a year.

The Trustee Savings Banks had nearly 3½ million active accounts at some 700 different offices, with deposits totalling over £320,000,000.

All these accounts are "small," for the rules are designed to attract only the man who can put away a few pounds a year; not the financier. But, in addition, the £2,500,000,000 which the "Big Five" Banks have on deposit contains many millions put there by "little men," especially in the pre-war days when the "home safes" were found an attractive way of saving.

Two other ways in which the "little man" saves his money is in buying his house and taking out an insurance policy.

Between the two wars, the wage earners of Britain saved a thousand million pounds through the building societies, investing their savings in bricks and mortar.

The societies had about 2,000,000 investors, who put up about £450,000,000, an average of only £222 a head.

The assets of the insurance companies ran into hundreds of millions. Some of the policies are for many thousands, but there are about 6,000,000 life policies averaging £350, and over 70,000,000 industrial policies averaging £18.

Altogether about £150,000,000 a year is saved through insurance.

two dining-rooms, and two recreation-rooms, and the other sections consist of three carriages with sleeping accommodation. The miners are also provided with a small library, radio, darts and dominoes.

For 25s. a week the men can get two meals per day, with three meals on Sundays. At a small cost, appetising "pieces" can be obtained by the miners to eat while underground.

ALL'S WELL, TEL. JAMES BASKWELL

BOY, were we glad to get into your mother's warm kitchen and sample her hot coffee! For there were icicles around our photographer when we called at No. 20 Villier Street, Ashton, Telegraphist James Baskwell.

But your parents soon brought us back to normal—or as near normal as we ever are—and then told us some news for you.

Joe has set off to get into the Fleet Air Arm, and is mustard-keen; Jenny, in the W.A.A.F., was coming home on short leave the day we were at your home. We noted that she was following in your footsteps, after determined efforts it's like new again.

Little John and Betty, your wife, had left your parents'

home soon before we arrived—but we hope to get a photograph of them in the near future. Meanwhile, you will be glad to hear that—like all at home—they are well and happy.

We were also introduced to Romeo, your little dog; he is as frisky and as full of fun as ever.

By the way, hanging in front of the kitchen fire was part of your kit. Your mother said it was harder to get clean than Joe's Rugger things.

Diesel oil, she added, just poured out of the jumper—but after determined efforts it's like new again.

All send their fondest love to you, James.

And, Good Hunting!



What Strange Oath was it?

Murders in the Rue Morgue By Edgar Allan Poe—Part IV

THE next day's paper had these additional particulars:

"The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue. — Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair, but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

"Pauline Dubourg, laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms—very affectionate towards each other. They were excellent pay. Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believed that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any persons in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth storey.

"Pierre Moreau, tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighbourhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweller, who under-let the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbours that Madame L. told fortunes—did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

"Many other persons, neighbours, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the house. It was not known whether there were any living connections of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed, with the exception of the large back room, fourth storey. The house was a good house, not very old.

"Isidore Muset, gendarme, deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway endeavouring to gain admittance. Forced it open at length with a bayonet—not with a crowbar. Had but little difficulty in getting it open on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced, and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony, were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way upstairs.

"Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller—a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a woman's voice. Could distinguish the words 'sacré' and 'diable.' The shrill voice was that of a foreigner.

"Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or

of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday.

"Henri Duval, a neighbour, and by trade a silversmith, deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Muset in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, this witness thinks, was that of an Italian.

QUIZ for today

1. A gittern is a sea bird, musical instrument, village idiot, beetle, platelayer's shovel?
2. Who wrote (a) Tommy and Co., (b) Stalky and Co.?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Pine, Fir, Larch, Birch, Spruce, Cypress?
4. What is the floral emblem of Scotland?
5. What production had the longest run in any London theatre?
6. The "Tuppenny Tube" (the first Tube Railway) was opened in London in 1890, 1895, 1900, 1905, 1910?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Constituent, Confluent, Concomitant, Concerto, Condescend?
8. What Greek monarch was known as The Great?
9. Is water heavier or lighter than ice?
10. When did Englishwomen first vote in a Parliamentary election?
11. What is the capital of Australia?
12. Complete the titles: (a) The Good —, (b) The Complete —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 267

1. Boat.
2. (a) Beethoven, (b) Tchaikovsky.
3. Oak sheds leaves in winter; others do not.
4. The lime.
5. In Q. 5. (The exclamation mark—!)
6. Companion of Honour.
7. Celibacy, Centenary.
8. Peter.
9. No. The rainbow would either recede or vanish as you approached it.
10. 1932.
11. Rio de Janeiro.
12. (a) Corruption, (b) Battery.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

The vulnerable point in a man's character is often referred to as "Achilles' heel." In Greek mythology, the infant Achilles was taken by his mother, Thetis, and submerged in the waters of the Styx, which were supposed to make the boy invulnerable to attack. The heel by which his mother held him was unwetted, and this weak spot proved his downfall in the siege of Troy. The sinew of the heel is called the Achilles' tendon.

The first parachutist was Andre Jacques Garnerin, who jumped from a balloon

in 1797, and later made several public descents.

The mad Emperor of Rome, Caligula, held so high an opinion of his favourite horse that he made him a Consul of the Roman Empire.

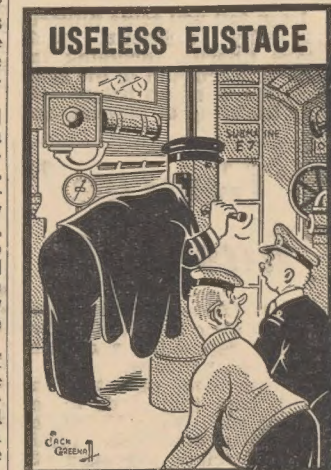
The Cinque Ports are the five English ports of Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Romney and Hythe, to which Winchelsea, Rye and others were afterwards added, that enjoyed special privileges in return for providing a navy.

Lithium is the lightest of all metals, half as dense as water, and one-fifth the density of aluminium.

The Devil's picture-book is the moralist's name for a pack of playing-cards.

several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly 'sacré' and 'mon Dieu.'

"There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling—a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.



"Blimey! Will he never forget he was once a photographer?"

"Four of the above-named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Everything was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows, both of the back and front room, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was

locked, with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth storey, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched.

"There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house was a four-storey one, with garrets (mansardes). A trap-door on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door was variously stated by the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes—some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty.

"Alfonzo Garcia, undertaker, deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue. Is a native of Spain. Was one of the party who entered the house. Did not proceed upstairs. Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation. Heard the voices in contention.

"The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish what was said. The shrill voice was that of an Englishman—is sure of this. Does not understand the English language, but judges by the intonation.

"Alberto Montani, confectioneer, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia."

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—223

1. Put the Air Force in GIFE and get an animal.
2. Rearrange the letters of THREW A BLOOM and make one of the Twelve Apostles.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: CALL into WILD, WOOD into COAL, MONEY into COINS, FLAG into DAYS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PHILANTHROPIST?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 222

1. HouseLEEK.
2. CHRISTOPHER.
3. BATS, BARS, BARE, BALE, BALL, ONE, ORE, ARE, ALE, ALL, AIL, AIR, SIR, SIX, WASTE, CASTE, CASTS, CARTS, PARTS, PARES, PALES, PALER, PATER, WATER, LILY, LILT, SILT, SALT, HALT, HALE, HOLE, HOLD, FOLD, FOND, POND.
4. Crop, Coal, Copy, Rail, Liar, Trip, Port, Part, Trap, Hoar, Riot, Toil, Tail, Coil, Chop, Pity, Halt, City, Cart, Clap, Play, Plot, Talc, Racy, Chap, etc.
- Coach, Coral, Trail, Trial, Copal, Choir, Polar, Topic, Chart, Torch, Plait, etc.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Sheep. 4 Artfulness. 10 Part of palate. 12 Praise highly. 15 Of a mineral salt. 14 Lout. 15 Wrinkle. 16 Backward twist. 18 Fetes. 20 Hampshire river. 22 Garment. 24 Variance. 27 Put in mind. 30 Otherwise. 31 Footways. 33 Free. 34 Money hoarder. 36 Coral reef. 38 Avoid. 39 Forefront. 40 Moisture. 41 Opposed.

CLUES DOWN. 1 Wooden vessel. 2 Summon. 3 Fish. 4 Agent. 5 Isthmus. 6 Former. 7 Weight. 8 Sops. 9 Dwarf. 11 Reclined. 17 Also. 18 Flourished. 19 Kind. 21 Walk like child. 25 Act. 25 Cricket stroke. 26 Went fast. 28 Golf clubs. 29 Nothing. 32 Region. 35 Observed. 37 Sailor.

LIST MEASLY ADHERE BOA WARM AL COVE RUDDLE TEN COBRA TRYST A LATE R STALK ESSAY KIT EARTH SATURN OAKS RIG TURRET CACHES EDDY

BUB JONES



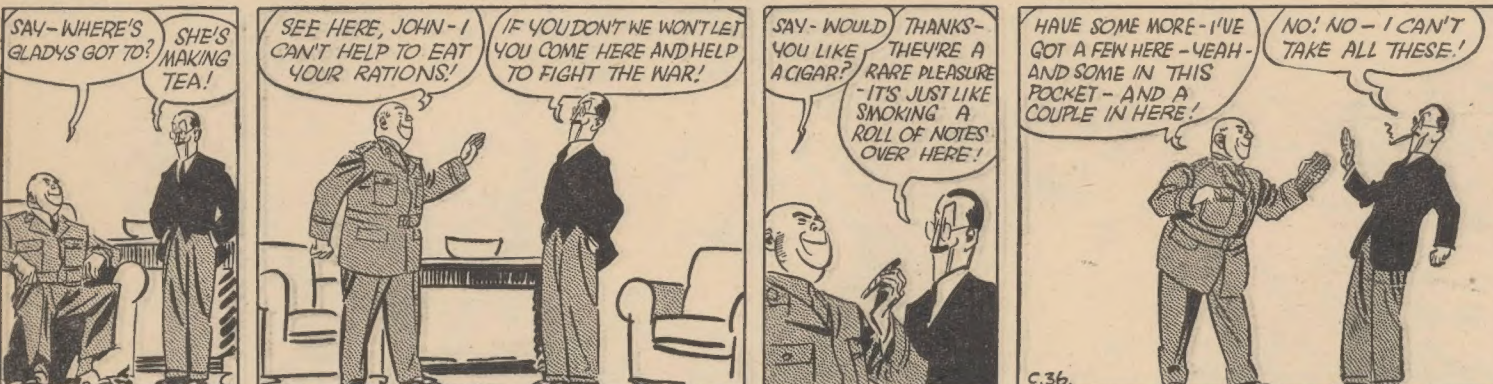
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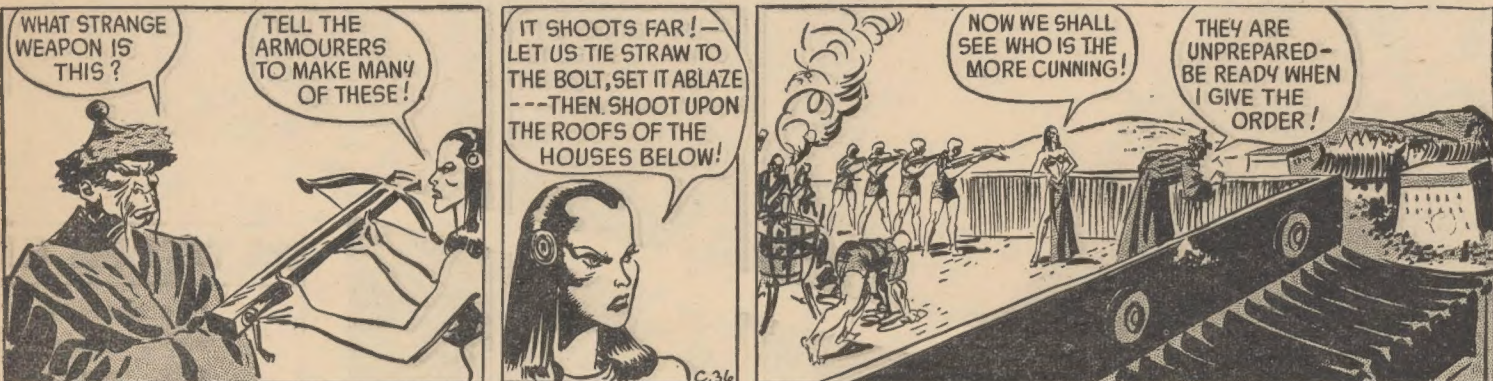
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



JUST FANCY—

By Odo Drew

I WAS delighted the other day to receive a letter from a petty officer serving in an Allied submarine, and the following extract may be of interest:—

"Much of English," says the writer, "have I learnt from the gang of skilful writers in 'Good Morning.' As will proof this my letter. Folk what inhabit submarines has often hours of mental dejections which are illuminated by your very good works.

"My comrades will remember ever with affliction of your debility to afford us such affectionate dopes—what Scotch call 'the reel Mac I.' We are depreciating you very sorely.

"Of so much that we like, especially I will drag forward Mister Millier's histories of old sports, which show the strongness since so long embellished in the Anglo-Saxon raise.

"Also Mister Male, whose sermons we discover always to be most enervating.

"Mister Richards we envy as he hurries through time and spaces to accumulate for us deposits of smart females with the so nice legs.

"The crime histories of Mister Martin are surely horrible. Was he ever a true police detective?

"I must say of your photographs how they are elegant—not only the womans, but the other animals also.

"And how delighted is the side of the country of England, and of Scotland and Wales, too, not less."

Such a letter makes one's work even more worth while.

"SEA LAW."

MANY of the smaller American Universities have degree courses in all sorts of subjects that British Universities would shy a mile at. Such as plumbing and gardening. But the limit seems to be reached in particulars which have just reached me of one of the smaller and more remote American seats of learning which includes a course of Sea Law.

I do not propose to give the name of the institution and thus afford it publicity; but the following quotation is rather fascinating. It comes from the preface to the pamphlet describing the facilities now offered to sailors. "Become a qualified sea-lawyer!" it urges.

"When you have all the answers ready," it goes on, "you can argue with your commanding officer till he is blue in the face and begs for mercy.

"Admirals will eat out of your hand—but only when you know the LAW. Never again need you be ordered about against your wishes, nor need you accept harsh and unkind words from superiors in rank. This course is based on the inalienable rights of man—on Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

"It tells you how to make your life at sea as comfortable as if you were commuting in New Jersey. It is also the only course that includes a fool-proof method for a sit-down strike.

"You will be able to insist on your rights—even to make your own rights—when you have taken this new course, now offered for the first time at the inclusive war-time price of 65 dollars."

Well, for evermore!

DEATH OF AUNT FANNY.

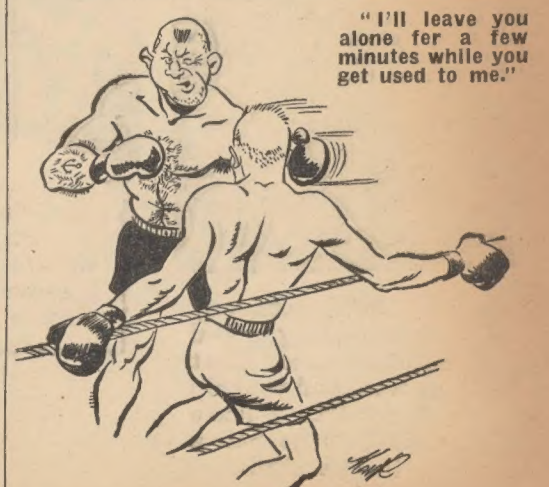
WE regret to announce the death of Aunt Fanny, who had just been appointed to conduct the new personal correspondence column for "Good Morning."

It appears that the deceased lady had been in a highly excitable state ever since she heard of her appointment, though she was looking forward to the new experience of receiving a flood of letters from troubled men.

The discovery of her body was made by a crofter, who heard what he took to be the sound of bagpipes coming from the lonely shieling in which Aunt Fanny lived.

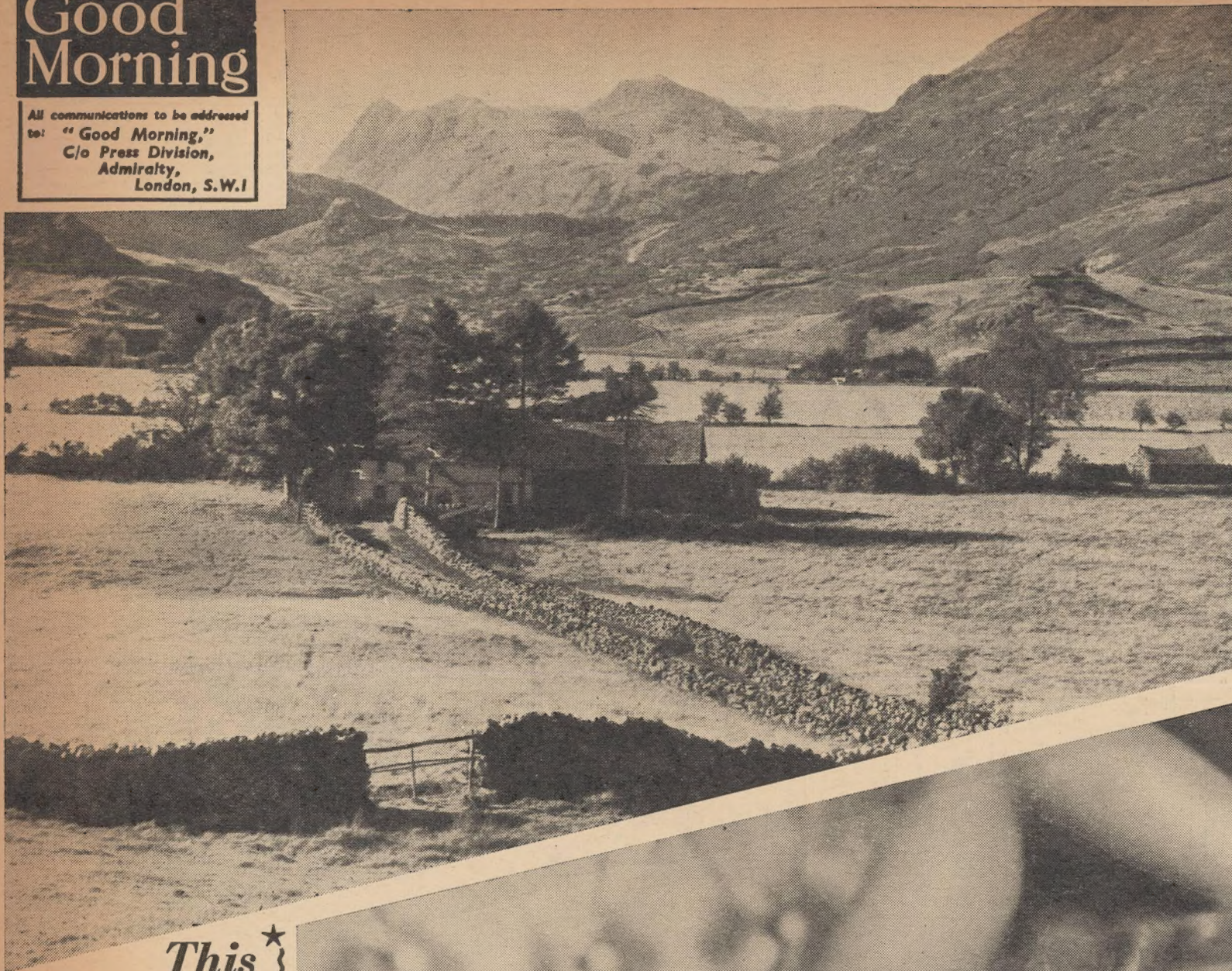
On investigating he found that it was the noise of the 37 cats which were the constant companions of the dead woman. A pathetic feature of the tragedy was that, in Aunt Fanny's bosom was found tucked the letter from the Editor of "Good Morning," asking her to start her new duties as soon as possible.

Torn in half was found another letter from her nephew, Odo Drew, asking for a temporary loan of a fiver.



Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1



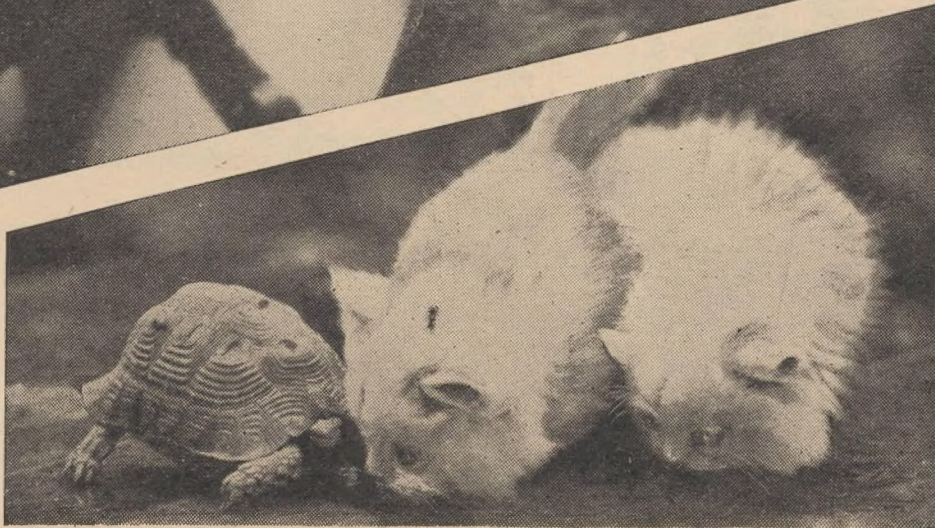
★ *This* ★
★ *England* ★
To all who love the Lake District, this view of Little Langdale, Westmorland, will no doubt revive happy memories.



If this show gets any funnier he's going to end up half-undressed. Just look at him, and we told him to act like a little gentleman, as he had a seat in the stalls.



★
★ June Havoc, Columbia star. To our simple minds, the lady would be havoc all the year round. ★



"Every time I bend down to talk to it the poor thing draws its head into its shell."

"Ye gods! Not a sight. Where the deuce get my next meal from?"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Careless talk, child, careless talk, maybe."

